

RAT PORTAGE MINER

AND RAINY LAKE JOURNAL

VOL. IX, NO. 56

RAT PORTAGE, ONT., SEPT. 7, 1900.

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Rat Portage, Ont.
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New Autumn Garments for your Inspection
LADIES' JACKETS.

We have opened this week's new Fall and Winter Jackets. Our stock of these goods for this season is exceptionally fine. All shades Light and Dark Fawns, Black, Brown, Navy, Cardinal, etc. Linings of satin and fancy silk, satin, etc. also lined for early Fall wear. We have them to suit everybody. Come in and look. We will be pleased to show them.

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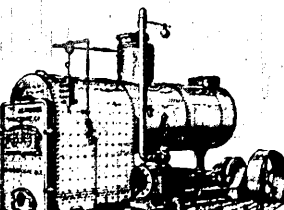
BOOM IN STURGEON ROE.

THE undersigned solicits your engagements, and guarantees highest market prices. Remittance sent same day good arrival.

Wm. HAAKER COMPANY.
16 North Moore Street.
New York, U.S.A.

References: People's Bank, American Nat & Trust Co., Bankers and Merchants, E. G. Dunn & Co., Bruce, Cook and Turpin Decorating Company, all of New York.

OUR MINE BOILER



Locomotive Type, on Skids with

IN THE FRONT RANK

As a Gold Producer in the
Very Near
Future.

IS THE PROSPECT OF NEW ONTARIO

A GREATLY INCREASED PRODUCTION
IS LOOKED FOR THIS
YEAR.

During his travels the past year, across the continent twice, over four different lines of railway, and so far east as Chicago, the editor of THE MINER has repeatedly met the inquiry: "If gold is so abundant in Ontario, why do you not show results sufficiently great to command the attention of needed and necessary capital in the development of your mines?"

People on the ground and those who have become interested in the mining industry in Ontario are perfectly aware of the comparatively poor showing of the district with such regions as Cripple Creek, the Rand and other regions, with a big output to their credit, but outsiders do not understand the conditions, and hence are prone to propound queries calculated to discredit our pretensions to being a gold bearing country.

The fact of the matter, however, is that there have been many adverse causes at work to discredit Ontario gold deposits in the eyes of the world, thereby retarding development and restricting gold production. No sooner was gold discovered than the geologists of Canada repudiated the worth of the finds, and said the deposits were of a surface character, the veins were lenticular, and the little ore there was in sight was of a refractory nature and of low grade value. Indeed, so sure were these worthies of the correctness of their judgment that they succeeded in discouraging intending purchasers and set back development of the mineral deposits for a whole decade. Even the present great Sultana mine was turned down as of no value 15 years ago, and English capital, then ready to take hold of our prospects, fled the country, and went to

the properties are showing up remarkably well, notably so as to the Mikado, owned by an English company which, on the expenditure of \$45,000 for property and machinery, is now producing gold at the rate of \$15,000 per month. It is the only grass root proposition so far opened in the district, but there are a number of new ones opened since spring that seem to be in a fair way of duplicating the experience of the Sultana and the Mikado, notably so in the case of the Nino and the Wendigo, and if they do equal the Mikado the result can not be other than gratifying for the future of the Ontario gold fields.

In addition to the above mentioned properties there are many other mines and prospects under development with most gratifying results, among which the more prominent may be mentioned the Ontario Homestake, Little Bobs, Foley, Olive, Manhattan, Decca, Nino, Hammond Reef, Kewatin, Randolph, Wendigo, Eldorado, Champion, Britannia, Glass Reef, Big Master, and hundreds of others, many of them beyond the prospect stage that sooner or later will become producers of gold bullion.

While money in sufficient volume to rapidly develop mines has not in the past been forthcoming, yet enough has been done and is now under way to conclusively prove the worth of our gold deposits; in fact, THE MINER can see a gratifying improvement in conditions, and is confident that the output of bullion will warrant the investment of sufficient capital to lift Ontario to the front rank of gold producing regions in the world.

THE BIG MASTER MINE.

Several Members of the Company Visited the Property This Week.

H. S. Clark, of Boston, secretary of the Interstate Consolidated Mineral Co., which is operating the Big Master mine in the Manitowish, is in town today. He has just returned from the property, and is more than pleased with the work that has been done, and the magnificent results obtained. Readers of THE MINER will remember an article about the Big Master which appeared a few weeks ago. In it were given the results of some assays which appeared almost too big to be true. They have however been verified, and there is but little doubt, that the property will become one of the leading producers in Western Ontario. Development and prospect work has been going on steadily and the permanency of the ore body is assured.

SPLENDID PARADE

Labor Day Fittingly Celebrated in Rat Portage.

VERY GOOD SPORTS AT THE PARK

LIST OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS AND NOTES ON THE DAY.

Labor Day, the workman's holiday, in fact everybody's holiday, was celebrated in Rat Portage Monday last in a manner befitting our industries and our working men. All business houses in town were closed except those catering refreshments. The day was a perfect one, typical of the large majority of days in this north country. Old Sol seemed to approve and smile on the demonstration in honor of labor.

The members of the different labor organizations who had the day in hand deserve the thanks of everyone for this exhibition of the business and industries centered here. Very few believed that such a display was possible in a town the size of Rat Portage.

The parade committee worked early and late getting business men and manufacturers interested, and the result was decidedly satisfactory.

The different organizations and floats assembled shortly after 1 o'clock at the corner of Main and Fort streets. Messrs. P. Maguire and W. Almas had a pretty swift half hour getting the line in shape. Then the big procession started off with Grand Marshal Almas with drawn sword at the head, followed by the citizens' band, playing stirring music. Mr. Maguire was then the busiest man in sight, keeping the order established, and we must say he and his co-workers of the parade committee performed their duties well.

Following the band were the different floats in the order named below:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The Grand Marshal, Mr. Almas mounted on a fine stepping animal.

The Citizens' Band.

The members of Federal Labor Union No. 2.

C. W. Fraser's rig, with four horses.

15. Firemen's race—1st H. Nell; 2nd W. E. Nims.
16. Federal Union Men's race—1st H. Boigard; 2nd W. Alcock.
17. Clerks' race—1st J. T. Woods; 2nd F. H. Roan.

IN THE EVENING.
The decorated canoe procession on the bay in the evening was a splendid affair, though the number was limited. The effect from the shore was very beautiful. An endeavor should be made to have it repeated on a much larger scale before the summer ends. Mr. G. W. Smith secured the first prize and Mr. J. G. Wood second.

NOTES.
Following were the members of the parade committee: W. Almas, marshal; P. Maguire, M. Sleightholm and R. Strain, deputies.

Sport committee—J. E. Alcock, Al. Rose, D. Wright, J. T. Wood, W. Almas, W. Phillips, W. Alcock, R. Strain and P. Maguire.

Booth committee—R. McKreith, H. Bolton and Eli Cattan.

Following is the list of prize winners for best display in the procession:

Best Decorated Float—1st Jacob Hose; 2nd A. T. Fife.

Neatest team—C. W. Fraser.
Single Rig—Jackson Bros.

The booth committee report a nice profit from their stand.

A. T. Fife's float was a little late getting into line, but it was a daisy.

Hose's wagon was the most difficult to prepare, but the effect was unique. The iron man was a splendid piece of work.

The Citizens' Band is progressing quite favorably under the leadership of T. Hanson, and the numerous nice things that were said about its playing must have made the members ears burn.

There is an up-to-dateness, if we may coin the word, about its music and the rendition of it that we all like to hear. We believe that there is a number of new players in sight who will certainly help to build up a band in the near future that Mr. Hanson and the citizens will be proud of. The band certainly should be encouraged and its efforts to give the citizens a first-class musical organization worthy of their patronage.

The Carpenters and Joiners took a leading place in the day's events and presented a good appearance in the parade.

The R. P. Lumber Company's fire brigade is composed of a lot of likely-looking fellows and give one the impression that they would be good

OUR MINE BOILER

Locomotive Type, on Skids with open bottom or Water Bottom Fire Box, as preferred.

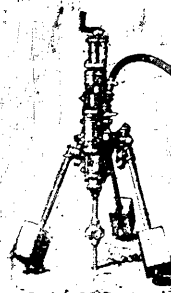
When you want one, you want it quickly. We have several under construction or on stock at nearly all times. Write or wire for prices.

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The **MACHINE**
COMPANY.

38 Lansdowne Street,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

R. W. SMITH, Agent,
Rat Portage, Ont.

Rand Rock Drill And Drill Mountings.



Highest Degree of Perfection attained. - Indispensable in Mining, Tunneling & Excavating.

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STANDARD TYPES. SPECIAL PATTERNS. ALL SIZES.

The Canadian Rand Drill Co.

R. W. SMITH, Agent.

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OFFICE - Brent's Block, Main Street.

Jas. Cooper Mfg. Co.

INGERSOLL - SERGEANT

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For Tunnels, Mines and Quarries

ROCK DRILLS

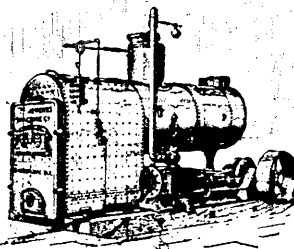
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RICHARD HALL, Agent, - RAT PORTAGE, ONT.

Warehouse at Rat Portage



lenticular, and the little ore there was in sight was of a refractory nature and of low grade value. Indeed, so sure were these worthless of the correctness of their judgment that they succeeded in discouraging intending purchasers and set back development of the mineral deposits for a whole decade. Even the present great Sultana mine was turned down as of no value 15 years ago, and English capital, then ready to take hold of our prospects, fled the country, and went to South Africa, a country reputed by experts, who knew both regions, to be decidedly inferior to Ontario, and yet which, by the expenditure of millions of English money, under the direction of the greatest American engineers, has been raised to the front rank of gold producing regions. The Sultana mine, however, at last found the man, Mr. John F. Caldwell, of Winnipeg, who was willing to accept the better judgment of Capt. Walpole Roland, and the dictum of the pioneer prospector, Mr. Wm. Caldwell, and put his money into the development of the property, erecting a 10 stamp mill at first, which later was succeeded by a 20 stamp mill, and in five years caused the property to produce nearly half a million dollars, and placed it on such a solid footing that last year he sold the mine to English capitalists for \$1,375,000, and is said to still retain a comfortable interest in the property. It will be hard to duplicate the record of the Sultana in any other gold mining region of the world so far as results are concerned with a minimum amount of capital invested.

The continued operation of the Sultana, together with the constant addition of expensive milling and operating machinery; its repudiation of so-called expert testimony as to its business, of ores, proving them to be essentially free milling in character to the deepest levels, with the small percentage of concentrates readily yielding to the chlorination and cyaniding processes; the establishment of the fact that the vein, instead of being a lenticular deposit, in reality is a contact vein that has increased in width below the 400 foot level, with a marked increase in the value of the ore; causes that naturally attracted some notice to the district, but not in sufficient volume to increase gold production so as to engage the attention of the mining world, the gold bullion product last year approximating \$500,000, with a prospect of a very flattering increase during the present year.

The successful working of the Sultana is directly the cause of the growing faith in Ontario as a gold bearing region, and has succeeded in interesting a limited amount of capital, mostly from American sources, to take hold of our mining propositions. Some

magnificent results obtained. Readers of THE MINER will remember an article about the Big Master which appeared a few weeks ago. In it were given the results of some assays which appeared almost too big to be true. They have however been verified, and there is but little doubt, that the property will become one of the leading producers in Western Ontario. Development and prospect work has been going on steadily and the permeability of the ore body is assured.

Mr. Clark accompanied by two other American gentlemen who are stockholders in the company, and were in consultation with Mr. D. Simpson, the manager, and an aggressive policy has been decided upon. A compressor plant has been ordered from the Rand Drill Co., two boilers and a 10-stamp mill, with full equipment from the Jenckes Machine Co., through their agent here, Mr. Smith.

The hoist building is nearing completion being now ready for the roof. The Interstate Consolidated Company is one of the most substantial companies operating in western Ontario, having ample capital behind them, and the most careful management. It will be but a comparatively short time till the Big Master is placed on the list of our regular producers.

Anglo-Canadian Gold Estates.

Mr. Alan Sullivan, manager of the Anglo-Canadian Gold Estates has been in town this week. The company has done a great deal of prospect work the past summer in the Denmark lake region, and also in the Seine river district, where they have found some very rich veins. From fifteen to twenty men will be employed on their claims in the Seine district this winter, and a like number in the Denmark lake region. The season's work has been very encouraging.

Ontario Gold Production.

The statistical year book of Canada gives the revised figures of the Ontario gold output at \$430,414 for 1891. For 1898 the figures are \$265,880, showing a marked increase during the past year, while in 1891 the gold output of the province was only \$2,000. Since 1894, when the output was \$30,000 the increase has been very steady, nearly doubling each year. The total gold production of the Dominion of Canada is \$21,200,437, of which \$16,000,000 is credited to the Yukon district. In production of iron ores, Ontario, from being third among the provinces of the Dominion in 1896, has become first with an output of over 20,000,000 tons of ore.

the busiest man in sight, keeping the order established, and we must say he and his co-workers of the parade committee performed their duties well.

Following the band were the different floats in the order named below:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.
The Grand Marshall, Mr. Almas mounted on a fine stepping animal.
The Citizens' Band
The members of Federal Labor Union No. 2.

C. W. Fraser's rig, with four horses, abreast decorated with plumes, Mr. Fraser held the lines and seated beside him was Mayor McCarthy.

Chemical Engine
Fire Engine
Hose Wagon
Hose Reel.

R. P. Lumber Co. fire brigade 20 strong with reel prettily decorated.

Kelly Bros. mount
Stone Cutters
Partington's 2 floats
G. A. Kobold's float
Helfoff & Verdin's float

J. Anderson, the bill poster's float
J. W. Pickett's float
Jackson Bros. float
E. A. Babin's two floats

Gardner, Rice, McLeod Co's. 2 floats.
A. J. Partington's float
Retail Clerk's carriage with clowns
Ottawa house, carriage

J. Hoss's float with iron man
A. T. Fife & Co's. float
Northern Ice Co's. float
E. G. Hall's float
Campan & Heap's float
Hilliard House rig
A. Shragge's float
Geo. Drewry's float
Brook & Co's. float

The procession proceeded to the H. B. Co's grounds, Rideout estate, where a large crowd soon gathered and the different sports were entered into with much vim. Following is a list of the prize-winners:

- PRIZE WINNERS.
1. Boys' race, 18 years or under - 1st W. Clary; 2nd A. Lane.
 2. Girls' race, 10 years or under - 1st Besta Watson; 2nd T. Malloush.
 3. Boys' race, 15 years or under - 1st G. Shamorst; 2nd T. Graham.
 4. Girls' race, 15 years or under - 1st Jennie Lang; 2nd Edna Carslake.
 5. Married Ladies' race - 1st Mrs. J. E. Alcock; 2nd Mrs. T. Smith.
 6. Union Men's Wives' race - 1st Mrs. J. E. Alcock; 2nd Mrs. T. Smith.
 7. Union Men's race - 1st H. Neill; 2nd Chas. Alcock.
 8. Three-legged race - 1st M. Portis; 2nd Chas. Alcock.
 9. Fat Man's race - 1st Wm. Strutt; 2nd John Deacon.
 10. Merchants' race - 1st W. T. Newman; 2nd G. Woods.
 11. Carpenters' race - 1st W. H. Phillips; 2nd N. W. Slittern.
 12. Running Hop, Step and Jump - 1st Murphy; 2nd T. Favel.
 - 13 and 14 did not come off, but will be completed for at a later date, also the tug-of-war.

zens will be proud of. The hand certainly should be encouraged and its efforts, to give the citizens a first class musical organization worthy of their patronage.

The Carpenters and Joiners took a leading place in the day's events and presented a good appearance in the parade.

The R. P. Lumber Company's fire brigade is composed of a lot of likely-looking fellows and give one the impression that they would be ever ready where duty calls.

Federal Labor Union No. 2 is composed of a lot of strapping good fellows and to them is largely due the success of Labor Day.

P. McGuire had a hard morning's work in arranging the details of the parade.

J. E. Alcock, of the sports committee, is a whirlwind in a job of this kind. He and the other members of the committee managed the sporting events like old-timers.

MR. BOW RESIGNS.

The Mining Inspectorship is Now Vacant - Who Will Get the Position.

This week Mr. James Bow, who has filled the position of inspector of mines for the past three years, tendered his resignation to the government. Mr. Bow, who is a young man of good promise, has always been attentive to his duties and mining men regret his resignation. Mr. Bow has accepted a position with the Anglo-Canadian Gold Estates, and will have charge of their prospect work in the Seine River district.

Many conjectures are being made in local mining circles as to who will likely get the vacant position. All are agreed that the government should pick up the best qualified man it is possible to obtain. There are a number of men in the district who are well qualified for the work, and we believe the department should consider their claims before those of any outsider.

Labor Day Dance.

A very enjoyable dance was held in the opera house assembly room on Monday evening in honor of Miss Ross who left for Port Arthur the following evening. The young men in town who had charge of the arrangements, had the hall gaily decorated, and, with the handsomely dressed ladies, made a brilliant scene. Dr. Schnarr, and L. Johnson were floor managers, and Hanson's orchestra furnished excellent music. Luncheon was served by Mr. and Mrs. Williams of the opera house cafe, and the dancing was continued until 2.30 Tuesday morning.

Charles Wolfson	Chair	John Bowring
John Wolfson	Adm. Sec.	Robert Birtch
James A. K.		David Dwyer

life must be a life of faith. "Fight the good fight of faith." Jesus is our sanctification. We appropriate Him by believing.

3. The obligation of holiness must be understood. Why should we be holy? What stimulus, spur, incentive, to attain this end? Is the reason for care about character? Is a good nature rather to be chosen than great riches?

God commands holiness. How plain and impressive are these frequent messages from Him to His people! We are the subjects of this great King. His words are the law of our life. Obedience to Him is our first duty.

Again God is holy. It is in Him we live and move and have our being. We must be in harmony with Him. Sinners are the "discordant notes in the music of the universe." Who that is not pure shall dwell with Him? "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?"

And/or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart. Kings of the earth and noblemen have their distinguishing colors for the livery of servants. White and scarlet, white and green, red and yellow, blue and scarlet are the historic combinations. The livery of God's servants is white. "And there was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Court dress is required of those who appear in the presence of royalty. The court dress of heaven is of these robes that have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

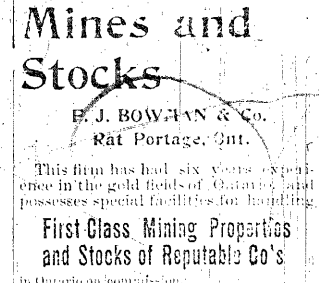
In this fact lies our obligation to do as one wrote to a friend, "Put away all

**For 20 Years—A Constant Sufferer From
Bleeding and Protruding Piles—Cured
by Dr. Chase's Ointment.**

He sang to her in verses sweet,
His accents sweet her,
He played the harp at her feet,
In rapturous mood;
His speech was like the golden glow,

[illegible]

They're not with me, a girl and jet,
The weather's coming,
The weather's coming and a curve she found
Against her...
And what's by her big hat screened
'Type' sign he told her!
- Kate Middleton in Saturday Evening Post



Owner of mines or claims playing same in our hands, must provide Maps, Engineers report, and full information together with a sufficient portion as to time to effect a sale.

People seeking first class investments, either in mining properties or stocks, will find it to their advantage to call on or address this firm, either at Rat Portage, Ontario.

Craig AND Baxter

HOUSE PAINTERS
SIGNS

SIGNS A SPECIALTY

Estimates Given Free

THE TRIGGS GOLD MINING

CO. OF ONTARIO, LIMITED.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given

That a General Meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company, in the Town of Rat Portage, in the Province of Ontario, on Wednesday, the 12th day of September, A. D. 1900, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of considering the advisability of increasing the capital stock of the Company by 25,000 shares of \$5.00 each to be sold for the purpose of de-

Dated this 20th day of August, A.D.
1900.

RAYMOND S. FARR,
Secretary.

E. J. BOWMAN & Co.
Rat Portage, Ont.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Cyrus Wellington.	C. D. P.
John W. Nelson.	Ronald S.
James A. Kelly.	W. H. I.

Call at our office for full

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OF ONTARIO,
C. D. PRUDEN, President. F
410-411 Manhattan Bldg

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Hilliard

THE HILLIARD HOUSE, as usual, with its "Comforts of Western Hotels, and with its additional "Comforts of a Home" to the Traveller and the Home-Seeker.

EVERY THING IS

THE BAR of the hotel is well supplied
and Cigars. Large and Commodious Bar
topping at Rat Portage be sure and stop at
LOUIS HILLIARD
Main Street, -

FOR 

THE NEW

NEW
Home

You will simply choose
home by visit-
ing our establish-
ment, where
prevail. We prefer to do a big bu-
siness rather than a little business.
HORN &

SECOND ST, RAY
Telephone 33,

THE HULLIARD HOUSE, as usual, will still be kept up to the next rank of Western Hotels, and with its addition of 100 Rooms, offers "All the Comforts of a Home" to the Traveller and Tourists.

THE BAR of the hotel is well supplied with the Choicest Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. Large and Commodious Sample Rooms for Travellers. When stopping at Rat Portage be sure and stop at the Hilliard House.

THE
NEW
Home

HORN & TAYLOR
SECOND ST. RAT PORTAGE.
Telephone 33, Night Calls 36A

DREAMS OF TWILIGHT.

When the windows flame at sunset
And the streets are gilded with blood
And the dying day is winking
In the night's advancing food,
Smoky volumes lightly trailing
Yell the house-top wark and glow,
Tinged with purple that the moment
Deepens in the western sky.

When the shadows round us gather
And the darkness settles fast,
And each flush of life conclusive
Seems but prelude to the last,
Dreams shall sorrow waste faces
Fraught with prelude dark tonight,
Dream that like the smoke shall vanish
At the coming of the night.

—John Curtis Underwood in *Ainslie's Magazine*

AN EXCELLENT REASON

Being a Woman, Winifred Was Not
Apt at Giving Reasons, So a
Man Helped Her Out.

"Is it something immensely important?" I asked as Winifred looked up with a number of wrinkles on her forehead.

"Immensely," she said, with a sigh.

"Are you writing a poem?"

"Nothing could, possibly be more proper."

"Then I may be able to help you," I suggested.

"Certainly not," she exclaimed, and she instantly covered her sheet of paper with the blotting pad. "That," she added, "would be too ridiculous."

"Now, why is the idea of my helping you ridiculous?" I demanded.

"Well, it is."

"A woman's reason?"

"At all events," she insisted, "I must write the letter myself."

"Whom is it for?" I ventured to ask.

"Lord Carfield."

"I wasn't aware you corresponded," I suggested.

"Oh, we don't. At least he has never written to me before," she answered.

"And so you don't Lord Carfield's letter difficult to answer?" I asked.

Winifred sat with her right elbow on the edge of the blotting pad, her eyes fixed on the window, a charming air of self-consciousness on her small face. A tress of her hair fell forward over her forehead, which was still wrinkled.

"Suppose you let me tell you what to say?" I proposed, standing with a hand on her chair.

"Oh, I know what to say."

"Then where's your difficulty?" I demanded.

"At first I think I do, only I don't know how to put it."

"Well, you see, that's where I might come in."

"Has nothing to do with the world to do with you," she said, rising impatiently.

"I am quite sure of that."

"But I am perfectly sure," she insisted.

"Now, you were to take me into your confidence as far as to show me Carfield's letter."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she retorted.

"You must try to guess its contents."

"I could never guess," cried Winifred.

turned, and I took my hat from the table.

"Goodbye," she said, with a careless nod, as I stepped toward the door.

"That will be the second sheet of paper I've wasted," she cried as I turned the handle.

"You're going to write another, then?" I suggested, closing the door again.

"It's a pity you're in a hurry," she cried.

"I'm not."

"Because you might post it for me. I shan't be two minutes." And, taking her pen, she began to write at a great pace. When she had finished, she carefully blotted the letter and directed an envelope. "You might like to read it," she suggested, on the point of sealing it.

"Oh, thanks."

She held out her hand with the letter, and, taking it from the envelope, I smoothed it out. The contents were barely two lines asking Carfield to call at 4 o'clock the following day.

"Will that do?" she asked.

"I think mine would have been better," I said.

"That is one of the things, we shall never know now," she answered.

"Why not?"

"Because you lost your temper," she said. "I hate a man who loses his temper."

"Still it's never too late to mend," I urged. "Now, suppose you sit down again and finish my letter, then we can compare notes, you know, and I'll post which you please."

"Very well," she assented, and she sat down and took her pen again.

"Where were we?" I asked.

"Dear Lord Carfield, I am deeply honored by your request, but I regret to tell you that I am unable to consider it. That's all we've done," said Winifred, looking up with an expectant expression.

"'Because'?"

"Yes; I've written that."

"Because I am already engaged to be married to?"

Winifred threw down her pen, making a large blot on the pad.

"I didn't know you were making a joke of it," she cried indignantly.

"I'm not," I insisted.

"You were telling me to write nonsense."

"You never wrote anything half so sensible in your life," I assured her.

"Besides, it isn't true," she said.

"Not yet," I answered, "and you haven't finished the letter. Now, suppose you finish it?"

Winifred took up the pen again.

"Because I'm already engaged to be married to Mr. Arthur?"

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she murmured, bending low over the paper.

"To Mr. Arthur Everest," I said.

"Now, all you have to do is to remain his very truly or very sincerely and sign your name."

So Winifred signed her name; then she leaned back in her chair and stared hard at what she had written.

I drew a chair to her side and sat down.

"And now?" I suggested.

"Of course," she continued, "it isn't likely I could send him a letter of that kind."

"Still it contains the truth."

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold,
Ever the same long, weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams and age an aching void,
Whose dead sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife,
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amid the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two edged knife,
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it, then, true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish, finding no relief?
Lo, midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf;
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glory the path of life.

Love, hope and patience cheer us on our way;
Love, hope and patience form our spirit's stay;
Love, hope and patience watch us day by day
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vast
Until the earth fades into the eternal—
—F. S. in Temple Bar.

His Last Invention.

It Failed Like the Best to
Do Its Work.

Ralph Gardon strode moodily up and down his workshop, which was littered with the odds and ends of machinery which represented the ruins of a hundred castles in the air. He was always inventing, was Gardon; always spending days and nights over the manufacture of some wonderful machine or other which was to revolutionize the world and make him famous, only to find after all his labor some irremediable flaw in his plan which rendered the completion of the machine an impossibility or prevented it working.

He gazed around him on the gaunt skeleton in wood and brass of past hopes and clutched his hand fiercely.

"A failure! Everything in my life is a miserable failure!" he cried aloud as he paced the floor.

It was not the breakdown of an ordinary invention, however, that wrung the bitter words from him. He had grown accustomed to waking in the morning with an idea worth millions in his head and going to bed at night with the knowledge that it was not worth a million patent sticks and had become quite philosophical over the failure of his plans for money making. But this time it was a different arrangement that had broken down, an arrangement by which the inventor hoped to make himself a home and children, and the mainspring, in the shape of Deborah Dene, the woman he loved, had failed him. In his clutched hand he held the letter she had sent him abruptly announcing that she wished to break off their engagement.

There was a revolver lying on the inventor's bench which had thrice had its bright barrel pointed toward his forehead, but three times the man's purpose had failed him at the decisive moment.

The fact of his cowardice added to the man's irritation against himself.

"I fail in everything that would make life worth living and cannot even kill myself."

He drew a chair to her side and sat down.

"And now?" I suggested.

"Of course," she continued, "it isn't likely I could send him a letter of that kind."

"Still it contains the truth."

stretched in front of his lonely dwelling.

He walked along rapidly, anxious while his determination remained firm to place as great a distance as possible between himself and any chance of undoing his handiwork. There was not a soul abroad, of course, at such an hour, and Gardon had no fear of injuring anybody but himself by the explosion that now he was expecting every moment.

When the road took him near any habitation, he made a wide circuit to keep it outside the range of the dynamite bomb round his waist. With the same thoughtfulness for others he stopped when after about half an hour's walk he caught sight of the figure of a woman approaching him. He was like a man with the plague, whom it was dangerous to approach, and Ralph was about to turn precipitately and get out of the woman's way when something in her figure struck him as familiar. The night was a moonlight one, and in the middle of the road where she was walking it was as clear as noonday. A second glance told him that his suspicion was right. It was Deborah Dene hurrying along the road.

In the complete surprise of seeing her in such a spot at such an hour the thought of his invention went clear out of his head. It was due to go off at any moment now, but Ralph was so astonished that he actually forgot its existence.

He hurried forward.

"Deb," he said, "what are you doing here?"

For answer the girl flung her arms round his neck and burst into tears. She had hurried as fast as the train could bring her to him immediately on receiving his letter with its hint of suicide and had walked from the nearest station, three miles farther up the road, expecting to reach his house only in time to find him a corpse. She sobbed for five minutes on his breast without being able to speak a word in the relief of finding him alive.

The letter which he had received and which she was supposed to have written she had never heard of except through his reproaches. It was a forgery, no doubt, concocted by some spiteful acquaintance of his or hers to ruin their happiness. She loved him, with her whole heart and soul, she sobbed, and could never dream of giving him up.

It seemed to poor Ralph Gardon, who loved her more than his life, that the gates of paradise had opened. To find that all the mental agony through which he had passed had been without cause or basis made him feel the happiest man in the world.

It was actually not until he clasped his sweetheart in his arms with every doubt and suspicion removed that the consequent pressure of the bomb against his flesh reminded him how in a few minutes at most it would blow him to atoms.

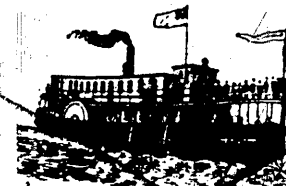
This story was told to me as true by a friend of mine who knew the interest I take in the subject of suicide. He stopped when he had reached this point in his narrative, as if it was concluded.

"And were they both killed?" I asked with interest.

"Oh, no. They were married shortly afterward. Gardon gave up trying to

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Cor. Second and Lily St.

"Now, you were to take me into your confidence as far as to show me Carfield's letter."

"Of course I shall do nothing of the kind," she retorted.

"Then I must try to guess its contents."

"You could never guess," cried Winnie decidedly.

"He wishes you to marry him," I said.

Winnie turned upon me with an expression of complete surprise.

"Why, how did you know that?" she explained, with a fierce flush.

"You see, I happen to possess a pair of eyes."

"I am sure I have never done a thing to lead you to think that."

"Still it might have led others, especially Carfield, you know."

"I think that's very horrid of you," she said, sitting down again, with a bout on her lips.

"Then Carfield has really asked you to marry him?" I asked.

"Isn't it a nuisance?" she cried, lifting her eyebrows with an air of extreme perplexity.

"Well, that's all right," I said.

"What is?" she demanded.

"So that you think it's a nuisance?"

"Well, it is," she answered. "All my people are bothering me about it. They want me to."

"Then I don't want you to marry the man," I said.

"They insist there's no reason why I shouldn't," said Winnie, with a harassed expression.

"Oh, but there's the most excellent reason," I laughed.

"Oh, do tell me what it is," she pleaded impudently.

"I shall could help it."

"But how?" she cried.

"Take a fresh sheet of paper at a new paper I suggested, then I'll dictate your answer. Now then," I dictated. "Dear Lord Carfield:—"

"I love you," she said.

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, I can't begin in that way," she objected.

"Well," I said, "we'll try again. Dear Lord Carfield, I am deeply honored by your request."

Winnie put the end of her pen between her teeth and turned toward me with a doubtful air.

"You know," she said, "I don't really care at all."

"Of course not. It's a mere matter of form. Now, then, we're not getting any. I am deeply honored by your request, but I regret to tell you—"

"I must know what I'm going to tell you first," cried Winnie, pushing again.

"I regret to tell you that I am unable to consider it."

"But I did—very seriously," she insisted.

"Oh, well," I said, "of course if you really care for the fellow—"

"Well?" she cried provokingly.

"Why, you may as well write the letter without my interference."

"That's what I told you at first," said Winnie triumphantly.

"I think I shall say goodbye," I re-

turned back in her chair and stared hard at what she had written.

I drew a chair to her side and sat down.

"And now?" I suggested.

"Of course," she continued. "It isn't likely I could send him a letter of that kind."

"Still it contains the truth."

"It says that I am engaged to be married," she said, "and of course I am nothing of the kind."

"You will be, Winnie."

"Some day perhaps."

"Today is as good as another," I urged.

"And to somebody," she added.

"If it comes to that," I insisted, "I am better than any one else."

Winnie looked into my face with a smile on her lips. Then she became permanently serious.

"Perhaps—perhaps you are," she said quietly, and then— But I don't think I shall tell you what followed.—Westminster Gazette.

Sheep in Spain.

In Spain there are some 10,000,000 of migratory sheep, which every year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the "delectable mountains," where the shepherds feed them till the snows descend. These sheep are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places, and behavior are regulated by ancient and special laws and tribunals dating from the fourteenth century.

At certain times no one is allowed to travel on the same route as the sheep, which have a right to graze on all open and common land on the way and for which a road 90 yards wide must be left on all enclosed and private property. The shepherds lead the flocks, the sheep follow, and the flocks are accompanied by mules carrying provisions and large dogs which act as guards against the wolves. The merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is 14 weeks.—Spectator.

Practical Politics For Infants.

The ingenious educational system known as the school city was invented by Wilson L. Gill, to whose efforts is largely due its success in Omaha, Chicago, Milwaukee and other cities. On one occasion a class of urchins was being taught the mysteries of election day. One boy was made a Democratic and a second a Republican inspector, two were made poll clerks, two watchers, two candidates, and so on. When all the tasks had been assigned, a square jawed little fellow looked up and said:

"Please, sir, I want to be a policeman and club that curly headed poll clerk."—Saturday Evening Post.

Criticizing His Own.

"But, my dear husband, it really is unjust of you to abuse mothers-in-law so. There are good ones."

"Well—well, never mind. I haven't said anything against yours; it's only mine I'm grumbling about!"—Boston Traveler.

vector's bench which had three had its bright barrel pointed toward his forehead, but three times the man's purpose had failed him at the decisive moment.

The fact of his cowardice added to the man's irritation against himself.

"I fail in everything that would make life worth living and cannot even kill myself," he went on in his despairing soliloquy. "Must everything I try prove a failure?"

He took up the revolver once more with sudden determination and, holding the barrel between his teeth, pulled the trigger. There was a click, but nothing more. He had forgotten, after all, to load the thing.

He had failed once more to kill himself, and the nervous shock he had experienced had made it impossible for him to repeat the attempt. He must think of something, he told himself, which would make the last act easier for him. He was determined on suicide and had committed himself by informing Deborah of his intentions, but when the single movement of a finger was in a moment to make all the difference between life and death his physical courage deserted him and his finger became powerless. He must prepare some plan for killing himself in which the exact moment of his death would be decided by chance or the action of machinery.

The idea pleased him by suggesting the need of invention, a need which his mind was always ready to meet, and he set himself with a melancholy pleasure to think out the details of a killing machine which should fulfill all his requirements. Death must be painless and instantaneous, of course, but must act at a different moment from that at which the victim took the decisive action which would make his fate certain and unchangeable. He drew out a plan rapidly, making rough sketches of the mechanical details on the back of Deborah Dene's fatal letter.

Then he went down to his forge on the floor below and worked hard at the manufacture of the instrument he had invented. It was finished by midnight, and in a grim sort of way Ralph Gardon was proud of his work.

The invention was in the form of a dynamite bomb which would explode by the slow action of an acid eating through a barrier of cement. One of his past failures had left him with the dynamite on his hands. It was inclosed in a carefully welded iron case joined strongly, so that once the case was closed it could only be opened by the exercise of considerable force. It was connected as strongly to an iron chain which the inventor fastened around his waist, joining the two ends with a Yale padlock. When he had locked it, he laid the key on his anvil and with a stroke of his hammer beat it out of shape.

To get away from his anvil and tools, with the chance they still offered him of changing his mind and breaking the chain round his waist, as well as to save the empty house from needless injury, the inventor put on his hat and walked out into the country road that

This story was told to me as true by a friend of mine who knew the interest I take in the subject of suicide. He stopped when he had reached this point in his narrative, as if it was concluded.

"And were they both killed?" I asked with interest.

"Oh, no. They were married shortly afterward. Gardon gave up trying to invent from that night and became pretty successful when he found his real forte—tale writing."

"But the bomb?" I asked. I was not interested in the man's subsequent career. My friend pretended to look surprised.

"My dear fellow, you don't think a machine could possibly work when Ralph Gardon had invented and made it?"—Chicago News.

Agassiz at the Saranac.

The whole Saranac campaign was on the qui vive, says W. J. Stillman in The Atlantic, not to see Emerson or Lowell, of whom they knew nothing, but Agassiz, who had become famous in the commonplace world through having refused not long before an offer from the emperor of the French of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes and a senatorship if he would come to Paris and live. Such an incredible and disinterested love for America and science in our hemisphere had lifted Agassiz into an elevation of popularity which was beyond all scientific or political dignity, and the selection of the town appointed a deputation to welcome him and his friends to the region.

A reception was accorded, and they came, having taken care to provide themselves with an engraved portrait of the scientist to guard against a personation and waste of their respects. The head of the deputation, after having carefully compared Agassiz to the engraving, turned gravely to his followers and said, "Yes, it's him," and they proceeded with the same gravity to shake hands in their order, ignoring all the other luminaries.

When a Bachelor Pays Calls.

An unmarried man, in calling at a house where there are a mother and daughter or any married woman and other women relatives, leaves one card for the host and hostess, one for the daughters and one for any guest who may be staying with them. No matter how many there may be in the family, he should leave no more than three cards. Whatever the terms on which he may stand with the brothers or other masculine members of the family, he leaves no cards for them at the time of making his general call on the family. The exception is the head of the house, and he leaves a card for him after he has had a call from him or its social equivalent, an invitation.—Leah Lancelord in Woman's Home Companion.

Of Course.

Miles—I want to purchase a thoroughbred cow, but I don't know how to look up the pedigree.

Giles—Why don't you look in a catalogue?—Chicago News.

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SEPT. 10 and 11

1. *Methodology* – The methodology section describes the research design, data collection, and analysis. It includes a description of the sample, the instruments used, and the statistical methods employed.

The first two steps are the most important. The first step is to identify the problem. The second step is to define the problem. The third step is to identify the causes of the problem. The fourth step is to identify the effects of the problem. The fifth step is to identify the stakeholders involved in the problem. The sixth step is to identify the resources available to solve the problem. The seventh step is to identify the constraints on the problem. The eighth step is to identify the risks associated with the problem. The ninth step is to identify the opportunities associated with the problem. The tenth step is to identify the solutions to the problem. The eleventh step is to implement the solutions. The twelfth step is to evaluate the results of the solutions. The thirteenth step is to monitor the results of the solutions. The fourteenth step is to report the results of the solutions. The fifteenth step is to conclude the problem-solving process.

THE FUN IN BADNESS.

IT IS POOR COMPENSATION FOR A CAREER OF CRIME.

The Famous Lecturer, G. Hope Jones, Cites Some Noted Cases in History to Prove His Contention That Caseness Doesn't Pay.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

Fellow Citizens of Oshkosh—Permit me to say that I am proud and grateful for this large attendance this evening. Although the admission is free and everybody came expecting a chromo as a free gift, I am grateful all the same. Before beginning my lectures it is usual for me to take up a collection, and I will now proceed with the task. This collection is not necessarily an evidence of your good faith in anything particular, but is intended to pay my back rent and laundry bills and assist me to reach Beaver Dam. It doesn't matter to the undersigned whether you give cheerfully or grudgingly.



NERO, THE WHITEWASHER.

ingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knocked, slab sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have clipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields.

My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the goodness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereoscopic light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tirol. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a little. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He worked night and day, but he was a fact

knocked seven bells out of everything he came across and had money to bury on every island he came across. He thought he was having a high old time and that it would last to his eighty-fifth year and that he would then give \$10,000 to an orphan asylum and die in his bed. All of you know how he ended. He was still prancing and coveting and high rolling when the law seized him and he was hung by the neck. He figured it all out before he went his way, and he came to the conclusion that he hadn't been in it. He wrote it down on his shirt collar in red ink; that his having had a high old time was all a mistake and that the farmer who had stuck to corn and potatoes was ahead of the pirate business. I see before me a bald-headed, broad backed man, who is evidently itching to become a pirate bold. Let us take a still more historical case. Behold the picture of Judas Iscariot. It is a sketch made of him while he was a young man, and you see that he holds the plow behind an ox. Judas was a tiller of the soil for many years. He was naturally good, and daily contact with nature added to his goodness. He came to be known far and wide as a man who always shoveled the snow off his sidewalk clear up to the line, and if he had a lawsuit about a line fence he didn't drag in the whole country. When he went up to Jerusalem, he was honored and respected of all men, and his daily life was without a blot. No one has tried to explain why Judas suddenly made up his mind to change and give things away. He was rewarded with 24 pieces of silver, but he had no note coming due and was not hard up for cash. But change he did, and he no doubt expected to have high old times and lead the band. His career, as you all know, was brief and rocky. Things didn't turn out as he hoped for. He was shunned of men, dodged of dogs and died without having enjoyed himself for a day. I am now looking at a man in this audience who closely resembles Judas Iscariot and who may be planning to sell out and cut loose. If so, let my words sink deep into his heart when I say that the result of



JUDAS AT THE PLOW.

badness is inevitable. It may prosper for a short time, but the bad man is busted and laid low when his pride is greatest. It may not pay above 3 percent to be good, but with a clear conscience, a good crop of potatoes and a sure interest on your money you can fall asleep on the cellar stairs or the kitchen roof and know that all will be well with you when the crows come home to be milked. M. QCAD.

HAIRLESS.

When August burned upon the year's decline,
I stepped within the whippers of a wood,
Whose whitest day, pricked back by darkest night,
Made shimmering tumult where the thick stems stood.
Some scents of withering sap—a soothing wine—
Made music of the balsam breathed through
Sweet as the sigh of summer in the south,
Afloat for autumn and the purple vine.
My feet pressed down the mosses' fibrous gray;
A crack upon a drier stone;
All parched views of lavender and brown
Died in the channels of the rocky way,
And in the famished covert I alone
Flew in what floods the thirst of life may
drawn.
—Cecilia Beaux in New Lippincott.

BLIND AS A BAT.

But That Fact Wasn't Mentioned When the Horse Was Sold.

David Harum was a good horse trader, but a recent transaction in horseflesh which was made by a well known Memphian shows that there are others who know how to get the long end of a horse trade. Several weeks ago this Memphian man saw a fine buggy horse, which he thought he wanted. He located the owner and asked the price. "One fifty," was the reply. After looking the animal over closely and trying her speed he concluded it was a good trade and without more ado wrote a check for the amount. The next day he found that the mare was as blind as a bat, but this did not hinder her speed or detract from her general appearance. He drove the animal for several weeks and succeeded in attracting the admiration of another lover of horseflesh, who made a proposal to purchase.

"Well," said the Memphian, "I gave \$150 for her, but I will let you have her for \$165."

The prospective owner looked the animal over and concluded he had a bargain. He paid over the money and took the mare. When the animal was unblinded, the first thing she did was to run against a post and then by way of emphasizing the fact that she was blind fell over a barrel. The next day the buyer came back to the Memphian with blood in his eye.

"Colonel, you know that mare you sold me," he began. "Well, she's stone blind."

"I know it," replied the colonel, with an easy air.

"You didn't say anything to me about it," said the purchaser, his face reddening with anger.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the colonel. "That fellow who sold her to me didn't tell me about it, and I just concluded that he didn't want it known."

The newcomer took his medicine and is now on the lookout for a friend on whom he can even things—Memphis Schmitzer.

A Business Epitaph.

"I was hunting for odd epitaphs," said a Tennessee newspaper man, "and in a cemetery in my own state I came across one that was inscribed upon a neat granite monument and read in this way: 'Sacred to the memory of John Smith, for 20 years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Jones, now J. J. Jones & Co.'"

"Of course the names weren't really Smith and Jones, but I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, and they will answer for the purposes of the story. I met Jones later, and he gave me a

THE MAN WITH A CLAIM.

A Pathetic Figure Who Is Regularly Shushed at Town Meetings.

The most pathetic figure at a town meeting is the man with a claim. The man who has the claim or grievance goes to the selectmen each spring and has them put an article in the warrant bringing this matter up. Some years he goes into town meeting himself and urges his claim. In other years for the sake of variety he will hire some of the local lawyers to present the matter in the best manner possible. Usually the man is listened to, though the whole thing is horribly familiar to every voter in the town.

Then, when all the oratory has been spilled into their ears, some long eared man from the back districts will rise and will draw with a grin:

"Move we pass over that article," and forthwith the article is passed over with a whoop. And the man is around next year as usual. It is a curious thing, but the average town appears always ready to repudiate these matters of long standing. I have heard voters admit that certain claims against their town were perfectly legitimate and perhaps ought to be paid, but they are of the coterie that regularly votes against granting the appeal of the petitioners.

Why? Oh, well, it's "an old matter," and the town is irritated by the persistence of the man who keeps coming to claim his own. When a town gets set in that direction, there is no repudiation so heartless and so conscienceless as that which marks its action. You see, the blame is so equally divided. Refusing to pay honest debts is treated as a joke. Even the man who at last with awakened conscience gets up and urges his fellow citizens to do the right thing and pay the bill is smiled away as a chap that means well, but doesn't know what he's talking about—Lowiston Journal.

A Lesson In Rudeness.

"Women should not complain that they have to stand in street cars and other public conveyances," said an old gentleman as he laboriously made his way from the transfer man to the herd. "Children learn common politeness at home if they learn it at all. On the car that I just left was a handsomely dressed woman and her son, a fine looking boy of 10. The car was crowded when I got on, and the little man and his mother sat near the door. As soon as I entered the boy made a motion to get up, but his mother held him down.

"Mamma, the man is lame," I heard him whisper.

"I can't care," he is. You have paid for your seat, and you have a right to it," she answered hotly.

"The little fellow blushed at his mother's remark. Now, that woman will probably read the riot act to the next man who refrains from giving her a seat in a crowded car, but what can she expect when she teaches her own son to be discourteous to the lame and the halt?"—Washington Star.

All Alone.

"Ah," said the conceited fellow, with a view to making her jealous, "I was alone last evening with one whom I



"SOUP MAKES THE SOLDIER."

The great Emperor understood that primarily the soldier is a stomach. The whole body and brain are dependent for health and life upon the orderliness and completeness of the processes which go on in the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition.

People who have been treated for disease of head, heart, lungs, liver, nerves or blood have often been treated in vain, until they began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When this medicine had healed the stomach and cleansed the blood, the other diseases disappeared.

"Six years ago last August I was attacked with malarial fever," writes Dr. David A. Carter, of York, Rowan Co., N. C. "My spleen became enlarged, and I was in and out of bed for four years. I went to the doctors and some of them said I had dyspepsia, others said I had liver trouble. The last doctor I had called it chronic liver and stomach disease. So I paid out money and nothing did me any good. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and used tea bottles, and now I can do as big a day's work as any man."

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R. HASLAM, Proprietor, late of Rat Portage. Best of dining. Subject patronage of Rat Portage friends and others. First-class accommodations.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

Cor. Portage & Notre Dame Ave.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE CITY'S BUSINESS CENTRE

UNDER entirely new management. Modernized and furnished throughout. Hot water heating and lighted by gas and Electric Lights. Special attention to cuisine and service. Choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars. Rates \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day.

C. Y. GREGORY, Proprietor.

St Louis Hotel

A. MICHAUD, Manager.

Strictly first-class in all appointments. Headquarters for Mining Men.

DULUTH, MINN.

GO TO

HUMBLE

—FOR—

Good Ale and Stout, Labatt's, Dominion and "Mikado" Indian Pale. All in prime condition. We have imported Wines a choice lot of.

Robertson's Celebrated Sherry always in stock.

Hotel Beland.

W. D. DOUGLAS, Prop.

egg no drinking just goodness. One day after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flatirons and belt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the waxes of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.

During his career Nero swam in champagne, reveled in quail on toast and wore the best toga in the empire. He had money in every pocket, admirers on every corner, and high rolled to beat the band. And yet what did it all amount to? He died poor and disgraced, and history hasn't got through abusing him yet. He had traded off an orange grove for a cabbage patch, I say to you all, and I say to that spunt eyed lantern jawed man in the third row in particular, that whoever figures that ballness is a p. of lavender is going to get left. It is full of



CAPTAIN KIDD.

champagne and race horses and going a-fishing; but, alas, it is also full of blighted souls.

Let me herewith present you the picture of Captain Kidd, the pirate. He was a man who had honor and fame and the respect of the world within his reach. He had only to keep on being good to arrive at that point where men would doff their hats to him and women fall over each other to get a view of the back of his neck. Then he suddenly changed. He flung his goodness to the winds and went in to be a screaming old pirate. He was a bumster from Hummersville. He

made a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flatirons and belt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the waxes of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.

FREAKS OF THE MIND.

Some of the Strange Powers It Often Has Over the Will.

Did you ever think how often you eat and never stick your fork in your eye? You always stick your fork in your mouth. If you ate in the dark, it would be the same thing. You would never put out your eye by putting your fork in it. Why? Because your subconscious mind is doing its automatic duty and knows very well that you eat with your mouth and not with your eye.

Many other actions are automatic. For instance, 20 people have gathered on a street corner to board a passing car. The very fact that they are there means that the car will stop. The first man has already signaled the motor-man. So do the other 10. And the same thing happens if ten people gather to descend in an elevator. The first comes rings the bell. So do the other nine—merely automatically. The sign says "Ring," so each man takes this sign to himself and rings.

A shoemaker once had a shop in the basement of a large building down town. The shoemaker worked with his back to the door. Every time the door opened the shoemaker turned his head to the left to see who entered. For ten years the shoemaker worked and turned his head almost every hour in the day. Before many years had passed the shoemaker's head turned automatically, and now that man has spent all the money he has ever made trying to be cured of this automatic habit. But his head still jerks, so that he leans over his left shoulder constant.

His Touching Appeal.

"Can't I teach you to love me, Miss Genevieve?" pleadingly asked the young man.

"I fear not, Mr. Spoonamore," she answered.

"Then won't you please teach me how to teach you to love me?" he insisted eagerly.

This appealed to the essentially masculine or pedagogic element more or less latent in every woman, and she promised to take it under consideration. —Chicago Tribune.

Moral of the Garden.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may get round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive. —Weekly Buzzer.

across one that was inscribed upon a next granite monument and read in this way: "Sacred to the memory of John Smith, for 20 years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Jones, now J.J. Jones & Co."

"Of course the names weren't really Smith and Jones, but I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, and they will answer for the purposes of the story. I met Jones later, and he gave me a frank explanation of the inscription."

"Smith was a bachelor without relatives," he said, "but he knew a tremendous lot of country people, and if any of them happened to see his grave they might think that the old house had closed up and gone out of business. So I thought it no more than right to let them know that the firm was still alive."

"I complimented him upon his good judgment."

And Still He Failed.

He flattered himself that he was a clever man, and he decided to propose in a clever way.

"The use of 'shall' and 'will' always puzzled me," he said reflectively. "I never know just which is the correct word to use."

"The rule is very simple," she replied innocently. "Just remember that—"

"Oh, never mind the rule," he interrupted. "Just tell me which is correct—I shall marry you or I will marry you?"

"Neither," she answered promptly. —Cincinnati Post.

Mixed.

"Henry," she said, "did you get those shoe buttons for me today?"

"Yep," he replied.

"What did you do with them?" He felt in his pocket and presently fished out a little round box. Then a scared look overspread his countenance, and the lady wanted to know what was the matter.

"Did you take any of those complexion pills you asked me to bring home for you?" he asked.

"Yes, one," she answered. "Why?" "That was a shoe button. Here are the pills." —Chicago Times-Herald.

One Way to Pay.

Patient—Your bill of 100 marks for visits and 60 marks for medicines is high, doctor, but I've arranged to settle. I'll pay the 60 marks for the medicines, and I'll return all your visits. —Fliegende Blätter.

We All Might Be Happier.

"This would be a happier world," said the corn fed philosopher, "if more of us got what we wanted and fewer of us got what we deserved." —Indianapolis Press.

Stone street was the first street in New York city paved with cobblestones; hence its name. The paving was done in the year 1657.

Friendship bought with money isn't proof against the coin of your enemy. —Chicago News.

next man who refrains from giving her a seat in a crowded car, but what can she expect when she teaches her own son to be discourteous to the lame and the halt?" —Washington Star.

All Alone.

"Ah," said the conceited fellow, with a view to making her jealous, "I was alone last evening with one whom I admire very much."

"Yes?" she said. "Alone, were you?" —Philadelphia Press.

Comforting.

"It did your cold good to go and see the doctor. I knew it would."

"Yes. He's got a worse cold than I have." —Chicago Record.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

DANGEROUS EXTREMES.

THE SEASON WHEN
Paine's Celery
Compound
SHOULD BE USED.

Nothing Like it For
Health-Building.

A sudden jump from torrid heat to weather of a change ful character! The change is a serious one for the ailing, weary, sleepless, dependent, irritable and for those whose nerve energy is almost exhausted. The varying temperatures experienced during this month, and to sufferings and burdens of men and women whose systems are deranged or broken down. Look years of triumph and successes have established the fact that Paine's Celery Compound is the infallible cure for the fearful ills that result from an impaired nervous system and impure blood.

Paine's Celery Compound makes nerve fibre and nerve force; it purifies and enriches the blood; it regulates digestion; it promotes sleep and gives to the entire system a fullness of health and strength that makes life a pleasure.

Our best people are users and friends of Paine's Celery Compound and recommend it to their friends; it is prescribed daily by some of our best physicians.

which uses an expensive Paper Folding Machine, having got beyond the stage when hand-folding was economy

The MINER PUB. CO

GO TO THE
City Laundry
S. L. LEE
For the best work in town.
Opposite the Opera House

To Enjoy....
A Good Dinner

You'll want the best you can get for your money. That is why you should go to

Kobold's Market

which supplies the best selected

MEATS and POULTRY

For those who want something especially nice for this season.

You may be confident of our judgment if we tell you it's good, because that's the only kind we keep and you want to eat.

Don't miss seeing our Display even if you are not out to buy.

Families wishing meats by the quarter should see what we offer before going elsewhere.

To our numerous customers in Norman and Keewatin we will deliver good once a week throughout the winter season.

KOBOLD'S
Established 1880. Cash Meat Market

HORNE & TAYLOR
UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
Second Street, Rat Portage.
TEL. 33. NIGHT CALLS 33 A. DAY & NIGHT

Pale. All in prime condition. We have imported a choice lot of Wines

Roberson's Celebrated Sherry always in stock.

Hotel beland.
W. D. DOUGLAS, Prop.
WINNIPEG, MAN.
RATES.

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00 per day. Is first class in every respect. Is moderate in its prices. Is especially adapted to please the commercial trade. Is the centre of the wholesale and retail district. Is in direct communication with all parts of the city by car lines. Is but five minutes' ride from railway depots. Is supplied with the purest spring water from flowing well on the premises. Special rates will be made for families and large parties according to accommodation and length of time contracted for. Rooms en suite with bath and all modern conveniences.

George Drewry
WHOLESALE

WINES AND LIQUORS

ALE, PORTER AND LAGER.

Manufactured expressly for family and put up in half-pint bottles.

CARBONATED WATER. — A full assortment of the celebrated Golden Key Brand always in stock.

ALLEN'S CLARIFIED AND REFINED CIDER.

KEEWATIN, - - - ONTARIO.

Before. After. Wood's Phospholine.

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Sufferers guaranteed to cure. All forms of Sexual Weakness, effects of abuse or excess, Mental Weakness, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium, and Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, and cashed at six p. One trial pack, six trials cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phospholine. Sold by J. E. Wood, J. W. Norman, J. W. Coster, Druggists.

Public Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the despoiling of dead animals, manure, night soil, on BURNHAM AVENUE GRASS is prohibited. Arrangements have been made with Wm. Saunders for disposal of these on his farm on next lot north.

By order of
BOARD OF HEALTH.

Ready for School

We have everything a scholar requires in the line of

School Books

Slates, Pencils, Scribblers, etc.

See our Show window Of Patriotic Scribblers and Exercise Books

WOODS' DRUG STORE

Business Locals.

Kershaw's baggage transfer, phone 63

For fine WATCH REPAIRING at a reasonable charge go to W. A. FERGUSON, THE WATCH SPECIALIST. Next door to Drevy's.

Local Interest

Now in stock a large stock of Preserving Kettles and Fruit Jars at J. Hesse's Hardware Store.

The C.P.R. has issued a circular changing the flag, hand, whistle and other signals on the road. This new system is known as the standard system and is in use all over the United States. It goes into use on the C.P.R. on Saturday next.

The duck hunters who have been out thus far this season have not met with much success.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Crawford mourn the loss of their three-year-old daughter, Annie Maria, who died on Wednesday morning from tuberculosis.

At the meeting of the creditors of B. L. Griffith, liveyman, yesterday afternoon W. G. Cameron and C. E. Nends were appointed inspectors to wind up the estate. P. H. Austin was appointed assignee in place of D. H. Currie, who resigned owing to press of other business. The liabilities are between \$5000 and \$8000 and the assets are valued at \$8000.

The annual bunch of river drivers are in town today making things merry. They look as husky as ever, though in the regular garters and neckties.

last excursion of the season there should be a big crowd. Tickets for adults 25c; children 10c.

Miss McKinnon, of Toronto, arrived yesterday to take a position as head milliner with the Gardner, Rice McLeod Co.

The Coontown 400 will be the attraction at the Hilliard Opera House Monday and Tuesday next.

Miss Lowes, milliner with E. G. Hall, has returned from a trip to eastern cities.

Miss Handrahan, of Toronto, arrived this week to take charge of the new dressmaking department of the Gardner, Rice, McLeod Co.

With the Mining Public

A. McKay, M.P. for Hamilton, S.M. McMichael, G. B. McAnly of Spokane were in town on Tuesday. They visited the Sultana mine in the morning.

Surveyors are now in the country south of the Keewatin mine locating a route for a railway to the Manitou lakes.

Jas. Latimer, of the Sirdar, arrived in town Wednesday.

J. R. Lumby, editor of the Wabigoon Star, was in town yesterday. He states that the mining situation in the Manitou is exceedingly promising at present. The Big Master, Glass Reef and other properties are turning out splendidly.

John F. Howard, of Winnipeg, was in town yesterday. Mr. Howard is doing good work for the district advertising its varied resources. He was accompanied on this trip by Mr. Deaulne, of New York. They have gone out on the lake to look at several properties.

H. Patterson assistant manager of the Anglo-Can. Est. was in town this week, as was also Mr. H.A. Kayl of the same company.

Mr. D. Simpson, manager of the Big Master mines, accompanied by his wife, who has recently arrived from Buffalo, were in town Saturday and Sunday last.

Half Crazy With Piles

Mr. Isaac Foster, Erie View, Norfolk Co., Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with itching piles for about two years and could not sleep at nights. In fact I was half crazy from the terrible itching. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment I purchased a box. After the second application I experienced relief and one box cured me thoroughly and permanently and that was two years ago." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a bottle, all dealers.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Brown Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if fails to cure. Beware of cheap imitations.

***** BAZAAR *****
G. W. SMITH
...All the Latest Periodicals...
The best Books. The Most Recent Novels.

FEW Office Diaries for 1900 at half price
G. W. Smith
Imperial Bank Bldg. MAIN ST. Sign of the Book

***** BAZAAR *****

Sairey Gamp.
Wabigoon Star. Indications all point to the fact that this winter will be an active one with the Rainy Lake Mining and Power Co. who are working the Sairey Gamp mine in the Lower Manitou. There is a lot of stuff of various kinds being shipped out to the property, now, and the hoist and material for camp buildings left Wabigoon early in the week.
This company has been so far very conservative in all its work, and Mr. Watzke, the president and manager, has been careful to run into no useless expenditure until he was satisfied that the property was worth it. Now, however he has inaugurated a policy of more rapid development, and the winter's work will make a great difference in the appearance of things at the Sairey Gamp.
Married at St. Albans.
Geo. A. Whepley of Winnipeg, was married to Miss Blanch Richards in St. Alban's church by Rev. J. W. B. Page, rector. After the ceremony the wedding party was entertained at the residence of J. W. Pickett, Fourth St. where a number of friends gathered to congratulate the happy couple. Mr. Whepley is a son of D. H. Whepley, Greenwich, N.B. but now occupies the position of accountant for McNab & Co. of Winnipeg, where he and Mrs. Whepley will reside in future. Mrs. Whepley also comes from Greenwich. She is a niece of Mrs. J. W. Pickett and Mr. A. McLeod, of town.

Notice to Creditors.
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
Geo. William Faulkner, deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O., 1877, chap. 120, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the late George William Faulkner, of the town of Rat Portage, in the District of Rainy River, caretaker, deceased, who died on or about the 14th day of May, A. D. Nineteen Hundred, at Bag Bay in the District of Rainy River are required on or before the 30th day of September, A. D. 1900, to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned, their full Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, and a statement of their respective accounts or claims and the particulars or proofs thereof and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, together with the valuation of the said securities.
And notice is hereby further given that after the said 30th day of September, A. D. 1900, the undersigned will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he then shall have received notice, and the administrator will not be liable for the said estate or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims he shall have received no notice.
J. EDWARD BIRD,
Imperial Bank Chambers,
Rat Portage,
Administrator.
Dated this 5th day of September, A. D. 1900.

A Brand of Milk

THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF
YEARS



Insist on having REINDEER BRAND.
For Sale by all RAT PORTAGE GROCERS.
E. NICHOLSON, 124 PRINCESS ST., WINNIPEG, WHOLESALE AGENT.

Condensed Milk JUBILEE BRAND

Pure Food
FOR BABIES OR MEN

JUBILEE BRAND of Condensed Milk was put on the market only a little over a year ago, now there are over 200 cases—nearly 10,000 cans—a month used. TRY IT.
Ask your Grocer for it.
S. S. CUMMINS, Wholesale Agent,
Rat Portage, Ont.

VULCAN IRON CO., WINNIPEG

MANUFACTURERS OF
Boilers & Engines, Mill & Elevator Machinery
IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
Architectural Iron Work & Bridge Material,
All Kinds of Machinery Repaired.
AGENTS FOR
Safes and Vault Doors, Wheelock & Ideal Engines, Steam and Hot Water Radiators, Scales and Gasoline Engines, Daisy Hot Water Boilers, Governors and Steam Pumps, Mining and Steam Pumps.
Goldie, McCulloch Co., Toronto Radiator Co., Fairbanks, Morse Co., Warden, King & Son, Gardner Governor & Steam Pump Co., Northy Mfg Co.
S. S. CUMMINS, - Local Agent,
FIRE BRICKS and FIRE CLAY.
Second-hand
6 return tube 52" x 12"
54" x 4"

The Gardner, Rice, McLeod Co., Ltd.

with up the estate. P. H. Austin was appointed assignee in place of D. H. Currie, who resigned owing to press of other business. The liabilities are between \$5000 and \$6000 and the assets are valued at \$8000.

The annual bunch of river drivers in town today making things merry. They look as husky as ever, though in the regular gartersnake mackinaws.

A couple of crews from Rat Portage Rowing club leave to night for Winnipeg to take part in a regatta there tomorrow.

Mayor McCarthy presented Champion J. G. Gaudaur with a pumpkin this morning measuring five feet in circumference and weighing 75 pounds. It was grown in the mayor's garden on Coney Island. Who can beat it?

The men who burglarized Young's store a few weeks ago received their sentences yesterday. One of the four received his freedom, while two others will pass 3 and 6 months each in the jail here. The leader of the outfit will go under the care of Warden Gilmore at the central prison, Toronto for a year.

The annual excursion of the Knox church Sunday school will take place Saturday afternoon, September 15, on the Kestora. The boat will leave at 2 o'clock. As this will probably be the

E. H. Lown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

NEW SONG
FOR THE QUEEN
Words by C. E. P. CONYBEARE

Music by FRANK B. GODWIN.
For Sale at
The Mason & Misch piano Co.
Main St., Rat Portage.

Refined
Ale... IN HALF PINT BOTTLES

is meeting with steadily increasing sales. A fine article always uniform condition, very convenient and nice for family use. One glass to each bottle, no waste.

Edward b. Drewry

Manufacturer and Importer
WINNIPEG.

Geo. Drewry, Agt.,
Rat Portage.

The Gardner, Rice, McLeod Co., Ltd.

CORSETS

CORSETS

SOMETHING NEW



THE latest creation of the Best Corset Makers — Featherbone Bust Forms.

Study these Cuts.



The completion of the Corset — The best seller in Corset History.

Come in and see one on a form.



FEATHERBONE Nursing Corsets are the most called for we have been able to secure.

Wright's Bust Forms are a combination of Corset and Bust extender and have just been opened and put in stock. Come and examine them. We handle all makes of Corsets — D & A; B & C; P. D.; Prima Donna; Lady Minto; Athletic; Magnetic; Yatisi; Ethel; Queen, and several other lines.

Our Dressmaker and Milliner are both here. Our milliner is busy marking off new goods and getting in shape for the rush which is sure to come. We opened up about 70 pieces New Dress Goods on Wednesday. Our Store is crowded with New Goods. Everything looks so bright and fresh. More cases are at the station for us now.

Remember
FRIDAY OUR BARGAIN DAY.

Main Street **Departmental Stores** Rat Portage

S. S. CUMMINS, Local Agent.
FIRE BRICKS and FIRE CLAY.

Second-hand
Boilers in Stock

6 return tube 52"	X 12'
" " " 54"	X 14'
" " " 60"	X 12'
" " " 36"	X 10'

AND ALL IN GOOD SHAPE.

Engines, Boilers, Steam Pumps and Machinery of all kinds.

Largest Stock of Electrical Supplies in Western Canada.

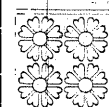
Stuart-Arbutnot Machinery Co., Ltd.

(Successors to STUART & HARPER)

Established 1879.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Rat Portage Hardware Co.
LIMITED, RAT PORTAGE.



OIL STOVES

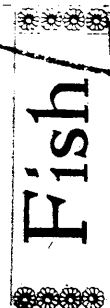
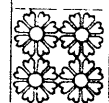
WE have a few of the WICK-LESS BLUE FLAME OIL STOVES left.

he price will suit everyone.

Oil stoves

Oil

Fish



Hook, Pole & Lines, Trolls and Lines everything necessary for fishing

Rat Portage Hardware Company Ltd.